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CYRUS DAVID FOSS

1834-1910

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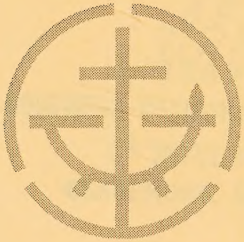

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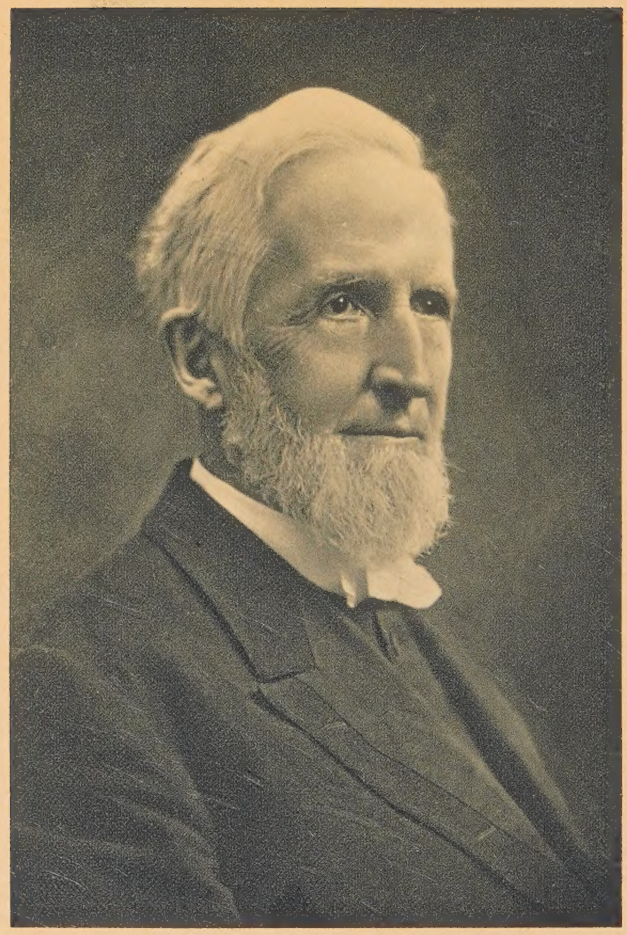

Cyrus D. Foss

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1834-1910

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1911

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SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
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Made by
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Funeral Service

Held in Philadelphia
in
Arch Street Methodist Episcopal Church
on
February 1, 1910
At 2 o'clock P. M.
Conducted by Rev. George H. Bickley, Pastor.

✠

Scripture Processional: Rev. George H. Bickley

I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Hymn . . . . . By the Congregation

Read by Rev. Frank B. Lynch

Superintendent of the South District, Philadelphia Conference

My Jesus, as thou wilt:
  O may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
  I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
  Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
  "My Lord, thy will be done."

My Jesus, as thou wilt:
  Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
  Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
  And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
  My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt:
  All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
  I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
  I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
  "My Lord, thy will be done." Amen.

Prayer . . . . . Rev. William North Rice

Professor in Wesleyan University,
Middletown, Conn.

Our Heavenly Father, we come before thee to-day with hearts bowed down with sorrow. Our earthly senses can apprehend only the earthly side of death. We hear not the music of the choir invisible; we see not the cloud of witnesses by which we are encompassed. So strongly rooted in earth is our human life, that the transplanting to another world comes always with a shock of surprise and grief. We are never quite ready to depart, never quite ready for our loved ones to leave us, never quite ready to lose those who have been our trusted guides and leaders. But thou dost not chide our sorrow; thou knowest our frame and rememberest that we are dust. The tears of human sorrow are sanctified by the tears which the Master shed. Grant us grace that our sorrow may be an uncomplaining sorrow. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

We praise thee, O Father, for what thou hast given to us and to thy Church in that great life whose earthly part is ended. We praise thee for that consecration by which in early manhood our departed brother and leader dedicated himself to thy service. We praise thee for the steadfast, consistent loyalty with which that early consecration was fulfilled. We praise thee that he lived a pure, unselfish life, not seeking honors and preferments, but seeing in the

honors and preferments that came to him only new opportunities of service. We praise thee that as pastor, college president, bishop, he did his duty without fear or favor, seeking only to fulfil loyally and well the high trusts committed to him. We praise thee for all he was to the Church in his fields of public service, and for all that he was as a friend to those whose privilege it was to know him intimately. We praise thee for all he was in his own home—one of those homes that help to interpret to us the words of the Master when he bids us call thee our Father, and think of the scene of our spiritual consummation as the Father's House.

We praise thee, O Father, for those great truths revealed to us in Christ Jesus, which brighten earthly sorrow with heavenly hope. We praise thee that the Master has taught us that our life here and beyond is guided, not by an impersonal and loveless fate, but by a father's all-embracing love. We praise thee that the Saviour who died for us rose from the dead and brought life and immortality to light. We sorrow not, O Father, as others who have no hope. May thy Holy Spirit bring to our souls those great truths which the Master revealed, and may our souls be uplifted by the message of hope and inspiration.

Hear us, O Father, for the bereaved family and the circle of relatives and intimate friends. May their faith be strengthened as the Divine Comforter brings to their sorrowing souls the message of life through Christ Jesus. Give to them in this hour a vision of the empty sepulchre and the Risen Lord. For her

whose sorrow is deepest we pray that, in the lonely hours and days that lie before her, she may be upheld by the presence of the great Comforter, and her faith in the blessed life beyond may grow stronger day by day and hour by hour.

And for all who are gathered here to-day, for that great Church of which our departed brother was one of the chief ministers, for that greater Church, the Church Universal on earth, in which he lived in broad, catholic sympathy, we pray that the lesson of his life may be fruitful. May our faith be made stronger by his faith. And, as one by one the saints we have loved and honored on earth go to join the ever-growing cloud of witnesses, may our souls be inspired with a stronger purpose to lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and to run with patience the race that is set before us.

We pray for thy Church Universal. As one by one thou callest thy saints from the Church visible to the Church invisible, by thine infinite grace raise up saints who shall worthily take their places; raise up in thy Church men and women, pure and brave and strong, tender and patient and loving, who shall so take the places of the saints that have gone before, that thy Church may go on in its triumphant course until all human life is sanctified through the truth as it is in Jesus. In his Name we pray. Amen.

Scripture Reading . . Rev. Samuel W. Thomas

Philadelphia

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let thy

work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

Scripture Reading . . . Rev. John F. Goucher

Baltimore

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery;

We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

Hymn . . . . . By the Congregation

Read by Rev. William V. Kelley

Editor of *The Methodist Review*, New York City

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

Address . . . . . Rev. Frank Mason North

Secretary of the New York City
Church Extension and Missionary Society

Less than four years ago Bishop Foss stood beside the motionless form and looked into the silent, seraphic face of his well-nigh life-long friend, Andrew Longacre. With the impressiveness which was peculiar to himself he exclaimed, "We are assembled here to-day to celebrate a coronation." Three weeks before, so he said, he had used the same words as the beginning of his address at the service held in honor of the translation and coronation of Mrs. Sarah Longacre Keen. By the side of many another soldier of the Cross, saint of God, who had been summoned to the rewards of battle, the fruits of service, he had said, "We are here to celebrate a coronation." It was his favorite approach to the mystery which to-day we face. It was his joy to push further apart the opening gates and point the broken-hearted to the victory and the crown. Here we dare the venture of his own glorious faith. This is not death but life. Here is not defeat, it is coronation. Let his own words thrill and lift us. Said he, "I think of him as not here at all but *there,* with 'ten thousand times ten thousand, even thousands of thousands' of the blood-washed near the throne, singing in lofty chorus, 'Unto Him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever.'" Then followed this significant utter-

ance:—"I know of no occasion which more clearly calls for a spirit of lofty gratulation and holy triumph than the translation of a mature Christian who has passed three-score years and ten, and is plodding feebly, painfully, but smilingly on toward four-score years, with a waning strength which 'is but labor and sorrow,' as this sweet saint did, for years repeating the Twenty-third Psalm every day, often murmuring, 'I desire to depart,' and with his eager eye evermore fixed on his star-gemmed crown."

The vibrant, victorious note for this hour has been struck by his own hand!

How grateful we are, first of all, for these gentle mellow days nearest to us. So swiftly he seemed to go away, so quietly he came back, that the gracious memory of his apostolic presence in the year and a half past softens the pain of this day's parting and quickens our sense of God's tenderness.

But into these months came a character, and back of them stretches a career. It is impossible at this time adequately to speak of either. At best, while faith steadies itself upon the promises, and the mysterious hush of a new glory rests down upon our hearts, we may look upon our friend as love and memory hold at focus before us his great personality.

Who remains to tell us of the circumstance and quality of his boyhood life? At the Amenia Seminary Reunion, in 1906, in a semi-humorous vein he spoke of his boyhood: "It is a capital thing for a man to be well-born the first time. I had that great good fortune. I was not the son of a millionaire, nor the son of a

king. I had a better start in life than that. I was the son of a steady-going, hard-working, circuit-riding Methodist preacher, who never had a salary of more than four hundred dollars in any one year and who, when obliged by failing health to give up the ministry, bought a stony farm of thirty-two acres and set his sons to work. My father told us that if we would save our pennies and were studious, some one of us might perhaps go to college. That was the brightest hope of my boyhood." It was to the hands of the boys that the father passed on the lighted torch, for he left the stony farm for the gold-paved streets before they had reached maturity. How finely could that majestic mother, never to be forgotten by any who knew her, have characterized this boyhood;—this "mother Foss," courtly, dignified, sterling, unflinching, and at times unbending, strong-fibred in intellect, in spiritual insight penetrating, beloved and venerated. Or that brilliant younger brother, William, who best would know what games and walks Cyrus loved, the books he read, the ambitions he cherished,—William, who graduated valedictorian at Wesleyan University, as did all three of the brothers, and after two years in the Methodist ministry died, fifty years ago. Or his brother Archibald, four years his senior in age, two in graduation from college,—Archibald, sensitive, high-minded, affable, gentle, who after a fruitful ministry as professor and pastor of less than a score of years, went on into the land of light forty years ago, from one of the skyward cantons of Switzerland.

But just to recall to memory these whose lips have long been mute is to declare how these boyhood years were stimulated by right thinking, stirred with the best enthusiasms, and shot through and through with the golden light of the spirit.

Then came college and with it associations which only death has broken or can break. He graduated in 1854, when but half way through his twenty-first year. Some are living who could tell of those college days,—Thompson H. Landon, William T. Hill, the two great Warrens, the bishop and the president. But in the group, younger or older, were also David H. Ela, Samuel F. Upham, Charles H. Payne, William Xavier Ninde, Edward B. Otheman, Calvin S. Harrington, Willard F. Mallalieu, and those two Alberts, Albert S. Hunt and Albert D. Vail, to whom, until death interfered, he owed so much and gave so much. Others could recount his classical triumphs and describe his social life; but that strong, straight, saint of God, Albert Hunt, alone could speak of his spiritual crisis and conquest. To this one friend,—so he was wont to say when he told of his emancipation from doubt and darkness,—he owed that spiritual pressure and guidance which brought into touch his waiting soul and his waiting Lord.

With his new learning and his new life he left the halls of the University for the highways of service. For three years he taught in the old Seminary at Amenia, of which he was ever fond; for nineteen years he was pastor and preacher, spending all but two of them in Brooklyn and New York; for five

years he was President of Wesleyan University, for nearly thirty years he has been a Bishop of the Church. Upon him that Church, to which in youth he gave his life, has placed her heaviest responsibilities and her richest honors. He has in her interest journeyed around the world. He has borne her messages to the august assemblies of her great allies. He has shared in her most serious councils. He has written some of her ablest state papers. He has preached throughout the length and breadth of the land. He has directed her forces and ministered at her altars. Into her homes he has come as a welcome and charming guest. For over half a century the personality of Cyrus D. Foss has vitally affected his Church and his world. To analyze his character, to trace the radiations of his influence, to measure his contribution to the material out of which shall finally be formed the Kingdom of Heaven belong not to this hour. I may perhaps be pardoned, since others will speak of his career in these crowded years of public service and power, if I urge your thought to the five brilliant years which preceded them and to that still earlier period of effective pastoral ministry.

To the president's office Dr. Foss brought a richly furnished mind, but with it a preacher's heart, a pastor's concern for souls. It was delightful and refreshing to perceive how quickly men who were solicitous for the University's standards in technical scholarship were caught up in his own red-blooded enthusiasm for a warm, eager spiritual life. How strongly he grasped and guided the practical affairs of administration, the

records declare. How closely he held the affection of faculty and students, is written ineffaceably upon memory and heart. But he was far, far more than administrator, more even than personal friend; he was felt to be the embodiment,—gracious, masterful,—of those essential truths in religion and morals which underlie the life of institutions and men. His contribution to Wesleyan was not his money, his scholarship, his gifts of eloquence, but himself,—a personality in whom was ever the Divine presence.

And this was the quality of his power in those nineteen years of pastoral work. They were concluded before he was forty-two, before he had been twenty-two years out of college. He was but twenty-seven when he stood in the pulpit of Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn, and with courage and wide-reaching influence dealt with the great issues of the Civil War. Twice he was pastor of St. Paul's, once of Trinity and once of St. James', whence he was captured for the University. To his preaching multitudes were drawn, through it hundreds were brought to Christ. From the associations of these fruitful years,—which seem to have drifted so far away from us,—came many of the cherished friendships of his life.

Two or three outstanding impressions, gained through the eyes of boy and youth in these earlier years, have never been effaced.

His figure against all skies is clear cut. Just as the lines of form and features were strongly defined, so there was no shading at the edges of his character. However judicial in his methods, he was ever positive

in his opinions. He never left argument at loose ends or substituted a dream for a syllogism. Accuracy in the use of words was only the outward sign of the inward grace of lucidity in the arrangement of ideas. He was too sure of what he saw to be over tolerant with those to whom the atmosphere seemed murky; yet where patient inquiry touched foundations which to him were immutable, when he deemed the investigation honest, his good will was warm and unstinted.

Ethically he was a stalwart. He was not a moral opportunist. He seemed never to have harbored the idea that moral flexibility is a means of grace or an accredited method of administration. Rightness was to him so thoroughly worth while that he sought it in his own conduct, in that of others, and in the affairs of the Church. To be conscious of swerving where a principle was actually involved would have been to him a keen distress.

He cared for the essentials. If he suspected wells of salvation, in the Word or in experience, which he had not yet found, he bored for them. He read the best books; he fraternized with the alert and enlightened men of all denominations; he learned the lessons of sacrifice and trust in the homes of the lowly and at the bed-side of the sick; he studied carefully the drift of events and measured the currents of national and community life; he gave himself delightedly to the pleasures of social life, bringing to the common store a surprising fund of anecdote and the contributions of a raconteur and a wit; but ever the determinant of his thought and the key to his purpose was the compel-

ling reality of the spiritual life, the "depths of the riches," the commanding greatness of "the things which are invisible." These truths he preached, and how he loved to preach them!

He preached them not as interesting but as vital. They were to him not the vines upon the pillars; they were the pillars themselves.

How fresh the memory of those days! How fine, how noble, how inspired was the man, Cyrus Foss, who before presidency or episcopacy claimed him for wider service and laid upon him weightier responsibilities and more notable honors, spoke from our pulpits, went in and out of our homes, stood with us by the open graves upon the hillside, exemplified to us the life that is "hid with Christ in God."

He has, indeed, gone up to his coronation. He has entered through the gates into the city! Once more may we venture to make his own words ours. At the close of the address to which I have already alluded, he said, "To our eyes they seem to be passing through the gates of pearl. Let Bunyan voice our vision:—'Now I saw in my dream that these two went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and with crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the City rang for joy; and it was said unto them "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord." I also heard them themselves that they sang with a loud voice, "Bless-

ing, Honor, Glory, and Power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever.

" 'Now just as the gates were opened to let them in, I looked in after them and, behold, the City shone like the sun, the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

" 'There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord." And after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.' "

He is "among them" to-day!

Address . . . . Rev. Bishop Luther B. Wilson
Philadelphia

Whatever may be the sense of loss throughout the Church at large occasioned by the departure of Bishop Foss, that sorrow is intensified in Philadelphia, where he was best known and so most loved.

Born in the home of an itinerant Methodist preacher, his earliest impressions were such as the unfeigned devotion of parents must ever make upon the keenly observant child. In the discipline of that home he learned the fine art of scorning needless self-indulgence, and came to set before himself high ideals. The prize of educational opportunity he deliberately

sought and won, passing through school and college with honorable distinction. Conversion gave new elevation to his ideals and new inspiration for their attainment. Entering upon the practical work of life, he became an instructor in mathematics, so strengthening his habit of intellectual accuracy. Received into the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, his conscientious pastoral labor broadened and deepened his sympathy with men.

Called to the responsibility of a great college presidency, he found a new education as Christian scholar, and likewise as master of detail. The General Conference of 1880 formally recognized his fitness for the duties of the episcopacy, and his election thereto gave to him opportunity for the exercise of all gifts and graces which by providence of birth and education were his.

After a residence in Minneapolis covering eight fruitful years, he came to the city of Philadelphia in the fullness of his strength. It was not an easy task which lay before him, for his predecessor, Bishop Simpson, had through long years wielded the influence of his mighty magnetic personality. During those dark days of civil strife and in the times of peace that followed, this first resident bishop of Philadelphia had met occasion with such adequacy of ability as won for him the confidence and love, not alone of the state, but of the nation. He had passed away nearly four years before Bishop Foss came, but the traditions of his greatness and the abiding wizardry of his very name may well have made his successor tremble as he

considered the measure of power which the Church had come to expect in one who occupied this place. Nearly twenty-two years have passed since Bishop Foss assumed the responsibility of resident bishop of Philadelphia. What other word need I say than this; that in these years the fine traditions of espiscopal character and service have not been marred, and the standards have not been lowered. By the compelling force of his own lofty character Bishop Foss has won the right of perpetual place with the noblest and best.

In all the pulpits of the city he preached, and if there was with him any recognition of such distinctions as appear in common speech, of churches great and small, of congregations important and insignificant, there was never the indication of it in the message which he brought. The message was always one which honored the Book, defended the foundations of faith and exalted the Christ,—which awakened or intensified aspiration to be like his Lord, a message of great thought, which glistened and glowed in luminous and often radiant speech.

He entered into all the details of the work with such conscientious application as facilitated every wise plan and enriched every worthy enterprise.

He was not a dreamer in any sense of vagueness. He was a planner, working out his conclusion with all the light that could be gained. He held his impulses subject to his reason. Sometimes a more impulsive mind might be impatient of his method, but for the most part his intellectual processes justified themselves in the issue.

He recognized the fact that in such a city as this, with its heterogeneous population and the problems occasioned by poverty and sin, the City Missionary Society should be a power. Believing this, he gave himself to the task of developing such an institution as might adequately grapple with the city's problems; and the strength of the Society as it exists to-day is in no small measure due to the thought and effort he bestowed upon it. When he came to the presidency of the Board of Church Extension no one could doubt his attitude towards the cause of foreign missions. Twice he was privileged to study the work in the great field of the Orient; he returned with interest intensified and zeal aflame. But there was no withholding of sympathy when the problems of the home field came before him. When, by the division of Methodism's missionary interests, the work of the home field was bound together with that of Church Extension, and the new Board was constituted, the presidency of Bishop Foss was a distinct asset to the organization. So calm and impartial was he, so painstaking and thorough, so broad likewise in his survey, that his counsel was always of peculiar value.

While Bishop Foss was a Methodist to whom neither creed nor polity seemed outworn, he was yet no mere sectarian. When a year ago he came with painful effort to the great gathering of the Federated Churches of Christ in America, the benediction with which that historic convention was concluded was from his lips. None could have been found worthier than he to pronounce blessing upon that union of

Protestant believers; for none could hold more tenaciously than did he to the point of the one Holy Catholic Church, with its heritage of faith and of power.

Bishop Foss was a citizen as well as a churchman. No question of civic life was without interest to him. Whatever added dignity to the city or state found in him an advocate. Whatever tended to the lowering of ideals he was ready fearlessly to assail. As opportunity made demand upon him he represented Methodism in the gatherings of the city; and when he occupied the place, the Church felt no fear as to its representation.

He brought with him to Philadelphia the honors accorded him by institutions of learning East and West; but the venerable University of Pennsylvania added to these honors, and to its own, by granting to him in the year succeeding his coming, the degree of Doctor of Laws.

His strength in counsel had signal recognition when in 1895 he was called to serve as one of the arbitrators in the settlement of an economic contention, which had assumed large proportions and threatened the gravest results.

When in 1904 there came to him unsought release from the responsibilities of the effective general superintendency, there came likewise such tests of character as one cannot easily measure. To one who is a real warrior, and not a mere make-believe soldier, the supreme test is not in the hour of physical danger, but in that very moment when, called by circumstances

to step aside, he sees the conquering host move forward. If the lip quiver, if the eye be dim in such an hour, it is not hard to find the reason; but if the sword be still uplifted, and if there be word of cheer for the comrades as they march on, then does human character shine forth with new strength and beauty.

So Philadelphia was not only the field to whose cultivation Bishop Foss gave the strength of his intellectual and spiritual life, but Philadelphia was likewise the scene of that rare achievement wherein zeal for a great cause survives the incident of official leadership. No cause which prior to his retirement was of significance to Bishop Foss but claimed his undiminished devotion after his retirement.

To those who have come to this city, with its problems, its burdens, its traditions of episcopal eloquence and counsel, and who have trembled in the presence of such responsibility, to these his successors Bishop Foss gave always the right hand of a brother, the word of a loving friend, and the strength of a great, masterful helper.

One who has looked upon the indescribable wonders of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, knows that there are two distinct views of its grandeur, one from the brink and one from the floor of the Canyon. Of the riches unsearchable of the face which gathers in itself the light of the knowledge of the unutterable glory there are likewise two views, one from the heights, one from the depths. The vision of the mountain and of the valley, even of that where in our thought the river runs, were both granted unto him.

The secret of the vision was faith, and its sequel a stronger, more triumphant faith. And so when great physical weakness came at length, with such alternation of hope and fear as made the strain most difficult to bear, did faith falter? Did love grow less? Did desire for the progress of the kingdom faint, or hope in the consummate purposes of God burn dim? Not for one little hour.

The minister of Jesus Christ whom we come today to honor was a prince not by the accident of circumstance or place, but by the blending of intellect, of faith and love, which could bear the weight of any burden, the hazard of any danger, the endurance of any testing. His sufficiency was of God, whom he adored. His fellowship was with Jesus Christ, with whom he walked in white even here. To him the Holy Spirit was both guide and sanctifier. His power to endure and overcome was the power given him of God.

Last week, when death had already laid its finger on his lips, he smiled—smiled in the face of death. It was the smile of love unconquered and unconquerable. Doubtless it was the smile of confidence that the everlasting arms were beneath him, that the conquering King was going with him all the way.

One does not need to hear some last word of purpose or hope from such a believer. The life is its own sufficient witness.

O man of God, greatly beloved, worthy to bear the torch which aforetime Fisk and Olin held; worthy to follow Hedding and Janes; worthy to walk as com-

rade with Simpson, Ninde and Foster; worthy to sit in saintly fellowship with Hunt and Longacre, thou hast passed from us unto and into the exceeding glory! Be ours the joy to find thee some sweet day in the presence of Him who loved thee, and whom thou didst so love and serve.

Address . . Rev. Bishop William F. DcDowell
Chicago

Yesterday afternoon for a half hour I held in my hands again, after several years, three small, faded, old annual catalogues of a small New England college. Each issue contained the names of a bare hundred students. But among the names of those students one can read these: Gilbert Haven, Edward G. Andrews, Henry W. Warren, Cyrus D. Foss, William X. Ninde and Willard F. Mallalieu. We need not repeat familiar history. The recital of these names tells its own impressive story. It tells the story of the value of the Christian college. The argument for the denominational college which these faded old catalogues of Wesleyan present cannot be answered or overthrown.

To the episcopacy from the presidency of Wesleyan, one May day in 1880 came this Cyrus D. Foss. Henceforth he was a world-wide apostle as he was a noble illustration of Christian education. He could not forget how his parents, living on a farm mostly rock,—as he frequently said,—had given him what he ever regarded as life's best chance, the chance at a Christian training. A loyal son of Wesleyan always,

he became the more loyal friend of the cause everywhere. Many a college president will gratefully recall, as I do, his brave words on this subject to annual conferences, to trustees and to patrons. The next great issue within the Church, in my judgment, is the educational issue. In that struggle his voice and his influence would be thrown on the side of the college with Christ in it; the college with liberty and with breadth, with devotion to humanity and power to serve because it has Christ. And that cause will win. This man now on the heights will rejoice when it is won. For Christian education was one of his passions.

Christian experience was another. Perhaps not many men among us have ever been more completely or frequently tried by the fires of physical suffering than was he. He tested the grace of God not once or twice, but often, in life's crucible. How many times did he go down so near death's door that it seemed it must open to him! How many times did he fight hard battles with painful and prolonged illness! He had no doubt, bless God, that the grace of God is a "religious certainty." He knew Him. He knew whom he had believed and knew that He was able. It takes us back to the older days to read that religious, spiritual classic in which he related his experience during his early episcopal life, the long weeks of the illness that threatened to be fatal. In 1884, as a young preacher visiting the General Conference held in this city, I sat in one of these pews,—I think it must have been,—and heard and saw Bishop Foss for the first time. He told, not what he had been to God, but what God had been to

him. I heard him tell what happened on that "diamond of days;"—that was what he called it. I heard this man, as he stood here,—this man whom some have thought to be cold and reserved and unfeeling,—I heard him tell how on that day he said to his physician, "Let angels whisper, redeemed men must shout." That experience gave to our Church a new conception of the sufficient grace of Christ. Some of us did not always agree with Bishop Foss' theological opinions in entirety. Some of these matters are matters of temperament. But there are those of us who have believed more steadily through the years in the present and sufficient Christ because of what this man experienced. And some of us have prayed anew that our dear Church might again enter into that living way; that his death might open that door to many, many hearts.

Last April he came up to his old conference, the New York. His colleague, companion and friend, Bishop Warren, came with him. The New York Conference is Bishop Foss' family conference. He came back to it to give his testimony before he should pass on. He had been again at the gates of death after his return from Japan. We had not expected him to return to speak to us any more. That conference will bear witness that, as he stood there and spoke again, for himself, for his parents, for his brother Archibald, with his voice as clear as ever, his eye like an eagle's, he spoke like a prophet come down from the mount with a fresh vision of the things that are eternal. We saw again the burning bush. We stood again by the running river and heard again a voice from heaven. We

were near the most commercial city on the continent; but as he went on, and as he finished telling the story of the early struggle and the magnificent triumph of grace, men looked at one another and said, "A good name is still better than great riches." He set the whole tone of the conference on a higher key by that one great address.

Christian experience was a passion with him. And this gave him that genuine, constant passion for preaching. I never pitied him when he had a chance to preach. How he loved to do it! He will be remembered long as one of our princely preachers. His sermons were not easily forgotten. They were so logical, so clear, so vital that they laid hold upon memory and life. And the experience which was always their basis kept them always fresh. No matter that he preached the same sermon many times. No matter that he repeated the same sentence in the same form many times. The experience was always fresh and kept the utterance always personal and living. During the years I was Secretary, I heard him three times in a year and a half preach the same sermon. I heard him before a company of negro ministers, at the South Carolina Conference, speak of knowing Jesus Christ personally,—heard him say, as I had heard him say elsewhere, "I speak it reverently, but I have been talking with Him this morning." I knew it was true.

As Christian experience was a passion with him, so also were Christian character and Christian conduct a passion with him. His experience did not exhaust itself in itself. It worked out into a clean, conscien-

tious, almost severe ethical life. Some men thought him stern. Stern he was against all unrighteousness. In matters of morals he held himself to high standards even more rigorously than he did anyone else. But he demanded righteousness, civic and personal righteousness, with a kind of Puritan insistence. He hated wrong. He loved right. To truth he gave himself. He was the kind of stuff that martyrs are made of. No one could approach him with suggestion of moral compromise. A perfect faith seemed to him to compel a faithful life, and this he led. He was as straight and upright and clean as he looked. More I could not say. He lived the white life. He kept his hands clean. He ascended into the hill of the Lord.

There have been those who said he was arbitrary. It is not easy to steer between sternness and softness so as to avoid that charge. But nobody ever said or thought that he was weak or that he was susceptible to undue or improper influence. Nobody ever suspected him of having personal motives in anything he did. And he had exactly the same manner toward all men. It is the necessity of men in executive, judicial or administrative position to render decisions. Sometimes they must be rendered swiftly and without reasons being given. Often these decisions are hard. Always they are between conflicting interests or contending persons. The loser is always tempted to question the wisdom or the fairness or the kindness of the decision against him. Shall I say here that Bishop Foss showed me once or twice that stern and severe aspect of which men made so much? Once when he

did it I did not know anything better to do than to smile, and he smiled back, and everything was gone.

But he is the only bishop, living or dead, who ever came to me with no other errand whatever but for the sole purpose of telling me that he loved me. Nearly ten years ago, when I was a Secretary, this man came to my office, and this is what he said: "One of my friends has slipped away within a week. I have loved him for thirty years or more, and never said so to him. I think he knew it, but he ought to have heard it from me. I shall be gone in a short time, no one knows when, and I am going around this morning to tell a half dozen men,—(at least three are in this building), you among them,—that I love them. I want you to know it from my own lips."

That kind of thing is easy to men of a certain type. It was not easy to this man. That he said it, with a kind of overwhelming tenderness, to one very much his junior, has made life rich with a kind of imperishable riches. Some men never saw that quality. They never wholly understood Bishop Foss. No one knew him who did not know his capacity for affection and friendship. For this also was one of his passions.

The cause of missions was another. No one who heard him will ever forget his allusions to "My India; India, which I have adopted; India, which adopted me." He took the whole world into his heart. I cannot dwell on this, but he believed in the world plans of our Church. He never doubted our victory. He never questioned our duty. No man among us has been more faithful, more constant, or more intelligent in his de-

votion to our work at home and abroad. Here and over the seas that cause has lost a foremost friend.

What shall I say of him in the more particular and special work of a bishop? It was not mine to be associated with him in his effective years. It is not for me to speak as the senior bishop, the life-long friend, might have spoken. Not for me to speak as Andrews might have spoken. They would have spoken of his unwavering loyalty to our doctrines and our polity; his clear insight into legal and administrative questions; his immense capacity for clear statement and convincing argument; his absolute courage of opinion; his passionate devotion to what he believed to be true; his readiness to listen to other arguments, to accept other views than his own, if better reasons could be brought forward; his willingness to modify his own plans when convinced; his dignified bearing in public and private; his broad and catholic fellowship with other Christian bodies; his consuming love for our own Church:—all this and more would they say. He never represented us anywhere without making us glad we had him. He kept the faith which kept him. He loved and served the Kingdom in all lands. He made large additions to the goodness, the integrity, the faith of the world. He has added no wrong in all his long years. He has adorned with dignity, with character, with ability, with high devotion every place he has had in the Church. He was every inch a Christian man and a kingly bishop. May such never cease to be among us! Eight times in less than six years our thin line has been broken in its advance column. Four

times before this in these six years I have spoken over colleagues and leaders laid low; over Merrill, McCabe, Andrews and Goodsell. It has seemed to me, as it seems to-day, as if all the grief and all the pride and all the love of all the Church were standing beside me clamoring for utterance. And I seem dumb and voiceless in face of such demand. But they know, he knows, what I would say. I have seen him in one or two crises of his life. I have said to him living, what I now say of him and over him, that I ask for myself no higher grace than the grace to bear myself in any test as he bore himself. I can leave for my Church and family no finer record of Christian manliness and official fidelity.

For many years it has been his custom, on leaving home for any length of time, to read at family prayers the traveler's Psalm. He ever lifted his eyes to the hills. Through the years the Lord has preserved his going out and his coming in. So it was in this latest journey. Preserved by his Lord he has gone out from us, and has entered in with the Lord, and will go no more out forever.

Prayer . . . . . Rev. Bishop Earl Cranston
Washington, D. C.

In view of thy gracious mercies to us, O Lord, our God, our prayers to thee are all praise to-day. We are not groping in the darkness. We are seeing clearly the Son of God and the victories of his cross. We are not guessing. We are *knowing* the verities

that came to us in the person and in the revelation of Jesus Christ. We are such a people because thou art God. We are a Church because thou, God, hast spoken through such men as this man whose memory we are honoring. Many souls have been saved because of this living epistle, visible, and known and read of men. Here to-day we have been also honoring thee in recounting the victories of grace in one of thy servants who came in a noble succession, who stood rugged and tall among the most commanding of his fellows, whose voice never gave forth a doubt, whose trumpet sounded no uncertain note, a man in whose preaching there was no quaver of uncertainty.

Glory be to God the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, for this incarnation of faith, of sincerity, of probity, of conviction, of satisfying experience in Jesus Christ!

We have looked upon him and we have wondered. How glorious he was in the consciousness of God in him, and in his assurance that he was doing the will of God! We do not wonder that he could not compromise truth,—truth that to him loomed so majestic that less than absolute homage savored of treason. O God, we pray thee that in our ministry thou wilt multiply such men. We pray that, for the great Church which still needs brave, spiritual leadership, thou wilt call, endow, equip and send into service other men like Bishop Foss. Some of us years ago learned new lessons of high official responsibility from his lips. We trusted him so implicitly that, hadst thou taken him from us then, our hearts would have been filled with consternation. We

bless thee to-day that thou didst leave him with us for so many years. We, his colleagues, to whom he was so great a help, must render this special thanksgiving. Even now we feel that we are not gathered about the dead; we are in the presence of the living. He whom we loved lives forever because Christ has overcome death. He is our companion still. We shall hear his voice for many days. His example will glow with increasing brightness, and his visions of his Lord will go on preaching victory so long as the literature of the Church shall abide.

And now, O Christ, shed forth the light and joy of thy presence, the consolations which it is thine alone to give, that we may all rejoice together now and forever more, that men may know God, and that God dwells in men, and that the Holy Spirit is showing to the world such miracles of re-creation.

God help us humbly to accept all the teachings of this hour. May the truth grow larger and more beautiful as memory shall bring back to us this day, this life, this character, and the words we have heard, until we shall be permitted to join him and all those whom we have loved, having triumphed in the same cross, in the presence of him who loved us all and gave himself for us. And these, our dear friends, who are mourning because the household has been invaded and the loving companion, the counseling father and tried friend has been taken away, let them know thee, O compassionate Christ, in the sweetness of a newly revealed companionship and guidance, to the glory of thine own Name. Amen.

Hymn . . . . . By the Congregation

Read by Rev. Henry A. Butz

President of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes thy rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
"Hallelujah, Hallelujah!" Amen.

Benediction . . . Rev. Bishop David H. Moore
Cincinnati, Ohio

O God, the Giver of perfect peace, grant unto us that peace in which our brother lived, wrought, triumphed and died. May it still the sorrowing breasts of wife and children; rest in benediction upon this and upon the worldwide company of his friends; and inspire us all to emulate his courage and fidelity, and to be victorious in life and thrice victorious in death: yea, Lord and Christ and Holy Spirit, let it abide with us forevermore. Amen.

HONORARY PALL-BEARERS

Levi D. Brown
Fisher Dalrymple
Samuel K. Felton
James G. Francis
Charles H. Harding
William H. Heisler
Charles W. Higgins
T. Comly Hunter
John E. James
Jefferson Justice
Francis Magee
Theodore F. Miller
Atlee P. Parmer
Leslie M. Shaw
Samuel Shaw
John Walton

PALL-BEARERS

Rev. George M. Brodhead
Rev. Wayne Channell
Rev. Gladstone Holm
Rev. William G. Jones
Rev. Robert Wells
Rev. Leon K. Willman

GUARD OF HONOR

Rev. C. Edgar Adamson
Rev. J. Wharton Bradley
Rev. Amos E. Crowell
Rev. John D. C. Hanna
Rev. Robert E. Johnson
Rev. Charles Roads
Rev. Edward W. Rushton
Rev. Francis H. Tees

The Guard of Honor remained in the church until the following morning, when the body of Bishop Foss was removed to Pawling, New York, for burial.

The service of interment was conducted by Rev. Ezra S. Tipple, Professor in Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey, and Rev. Merrick O. Bennett, Pastor of the Pawling Methodist Episcopal Church.

Biographical Sketch

FRANK MASON NORTH

A noble life is its own recorder. We reverently set down in order its annals, knowing well that its real history already has been written. Personality interprets itself.

The life of Bishop Cyrus David Foss was simple in its quiet beginnings. It advanced without abnormal phases into the broad ranges of influence and service. It received far less from circumstance and environment than it gave in the distribution of those treasures of wisdom and knowledge which were by nature and by grace its ample endowment. In it there is no need to unravel complex motives or to seek in obscure places interpretations of conduct. The definitions of his faith were as strong and clear as the profile of his own fine face. Against the background of his times stand out the outlines of his own character with a unique distinctness. Whatever light his career may cast upon the events, the movements, the men of the remarkable period spanned by his active service, it is ever his own radiant personality that wins and lifts us. By this, by what he was, "he being dead yet speaketh."

He was born in the parsonage of an itinerant Methodist preacher, in Kingston, N. Y., January 17, 1834. He was the third son of the Reverend Cyrus and Jane Campbell Foss. The second son, Wesley, died

at eighteen, and the fifth son, Clement, in early childhood. For eight years after the birth of Cyrus, the father, an honored member of the New York Conference, to which also the three sons, Archibald Campbell, Cyrus David and William Jay, afterward belonged, continued his work in the active ministry. In 1842, because of impaired health, he accepted the superannuated relation to his Conference, and settled upon a farm of thirty-two acres in the town of South East, three miles from Carmel, in Putnam County, N. Y. In 1849 he died, leaving in the memory of his sons the heritage of a noble Christian example, and upon their hearts the impress of a strong, patient, uncompromising faith in Jesus Christ. How joyfully these sons kept the fifth commandment! With an almost naïve delight this third son, who long survived the others, was wont to honor his father and his mother.

In 1894, sixty years after his birth in Kingston, Bishop Foss writes:

"The present dedication by myself in Kingston, N. Y., of a magnificent new church, erected on the very spot where I was born, and having a fine window commemorative of my parents and of their three sons who entered the Christian ministry, awakened memories of my childhood home too bright and grateful for any words fitly to utter. . . . My father was a plain, hard-working, circuit-riding Methodist preacher, who, having a wife and five sons, never received a salary of more than four hundred dollars a year; a native of New Hampshire, an intense Abolitionist, a zealous and early advocate of the temperance reform, and a

grave, firm, strong, godly man. My mother, who had very similar mental traits, was one of ten children of Archibald Campbell, a tall, strong-willed Scotchman, whose farmhouse, in Pawling, N. Y., was the frequent stopping place of the early Methodist itinerants." "My maternal grandmother" [Elizabeth Mitchell], he further writes, "was as short as her Scotch husband was tall and as gentle as he was stern, one of those sweet saints who so glorify motherhood. Not one of her ten children, all of whom lived to mature age, ever once heard her speak an angry word."

There is here no uncertain suggestion of a stock physically and mentally sound and sturdy, and of an ancestry in whom the realities of the spirit were in control.

The New Hampshire birthplace of this father, Cyrus Foss, was Barrington, Stafford County. He was born May 14, 1799. His parents were David and Elizabeth Sargeant Foss. Kindred of that generation were pronounced Christians, some of them devout Baptists. Lines of family interest connected the New Hampshire home with Dover Plains, N. Y. The elder Cyrus Foss before he became of age attended school at the latter place and later in Poughquag, N. Y. Here he was converted under the preaching of the Rev. Arnold Scofield. In 1825 he entered the New York Conference.

"The tall, strong-willed Scotchman," the maternal grandfather of Bishop Foss, was the son of a certain Colonel Archibald Campbell, a retired officer of the English army living in this country, who was "born in Scotland and died during the Revolutionary war, in

the battle of White Plains, fighting for his country—which was England!"

In Jane Campbell, the mother of the "Foss brothers," as the three surviving sons came in youth and early manhood to be called, were traits of dignity, reticence, strength, hospitality, kindness and faith inflexible, which, if need were, her ancestry would quite sufficiently explain. Those who knew her in the later years—this "Mother Foss," who died at ninety after thirty-six years of widowhood—found no difficulty in reading back into the formative period of the life of her sons some of the influences which in the quiet, frugal, devout home so definitely settled the convictions of religion and established the goings of her preacher boys. With a tender touch the son who survived father, mother, brothers, pictures her:—"My mother was tall and of full figure, even-tempered, somewhat taciturn, never jolly, but always good-natured and generally cheerful and happy, a diligent reader of good books and especially of the Book of books, devout and truly devoted to her family and to the church, and, as many said of her, 'a remarkable woman' . . . . She left me the old family Bible with this inscription, 'This time-worn, time-stained Holy Book, the guide and director of a once happy and unbroken household in their daily worship of the triune God, remains a precious relic which I transfer to my dear son, C. D. Foss.' "

The memory of the boyhood years spent in this preacher farmer's home never became dim. With zest the son recalled the fourteen stony fields, all of which

were named by his father after the great countries of the world, so that the boys would be told after milking the cows to turn them into England, or France or Russia. From this home, at the age of fourteen, this Cyrus Foss went out toward that broader life for which he had been unconsciously preparing.

His own words best depict this transition. On August 22, 1906, in a brief address at the Amenia Seminary Reunion Bishop Foss said: "I can never forget my youthful years in this Seminary and my youth preceding my coming to this Seminary . . . . We four boys, with this father to guide us, worked the farm and went to school winters in a little cross-road district school house. I was very fond of mathematics and used to sit up until eleven or twelve o'clock at night to work out hard problems, when I was allowed to do so. This poor, invalid, Methodist preacher father of mine (although I never knew we were poor) brought home about forty dollars a year from the Conference fund for superannuates. . . . I was often found on my knees in the garden, not praying, but between the rows of onions with my father, pulling out weeds; and at these times my father told us that if we saved our pennies and were studious, some one of us perhaps might go to college. That was the brightest hope of my boyhood. Well, the three boys who lived to manhood all passed through the Amenia Seminary, prepared for college and passed through the Wesleyan University." In fact, each was graduated at the head of his class and gave the valedictory, Archibald in 1852, Cyrus in 1854, William in 1856.

The years spent at Amenia Seminary as student and later, 1854-6, as teacher and principal not only brought him scholastic training and experience, but gave him some of the choicest friendships of his life. His first room-mate was James C. Van Benschoten, afterward his colleague on the faculty of Wesleyan University. Among his teachers were Gilbert Haven and Erastus O. Haven; Alexander Winchell; Thomas Underwood, of whom he speaks most lovingly. William M. Ingraham was his instructor in mathematics. There were the Hunt brothers, whose home was at Leedsville, a hamlet near Amenia,—Andrew, "a model principal, a delightful gentleman, a most inspiring and promising young preacher," and Albert! "I loved and shall forever love Albert S. Hunt, my teacher of penmanship, later an adjunct professor in Wesleyan University, and my teacher there of things immensely more important than can be found in any text-books."

The route from Amenia Seminary to Wesleyan University was in those days well-traveled. The significance of the relationship can hardly be overestimated. In the address already quoted Bishop Foss stated that "Amenia Seminary then gave such preparation for college as was equalled by few schools in the land." That the young man, entering the college at sixteen, should have given a good account of himself as a scholar occasions no surprise. The father's bequest to each of his boys of four hundred dollars, "every cent of it to be put into brains," was well bestowed. The investment was sound. But the University was ever in Bishop Foss' heart, not for the

curricula and the discipline, but because it was in these Wesleyan years that the indubitable, the ineradicable "experience of religion," the conscious joy of believing, became forever his possession.

On the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary and jubilee of the University in 1906, he stated that the day before, as soon as he could reach the spot, he had gone "to old South College and climbed up the iron and stone steps to the old room on the left side near the second chimney, where on a certain evening in the month of March, 1852, words of that beloved friend [Albert S. Hunt], the like of which I had heard from his lips many times through the two college years preceding, were the means of leading me then and there to such personal knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ as I have never lost. And now," said he, "I thank God for those words from his saintly and now sainted lips, spoken fifty-four years ago."

Back I turn to some yellowing pages, covered with finest penmanship, which lie open before me. They are the journals of this same Albert S. Hunt, who, in Amenia, taught Cyrus Foss "penmanship." Four brief entries belong to this narrative. How little the white-souled writer of them dreamed that they would be quoted here!

March 31, 1849. "Again in College—and with a determination to make religion my chief business."

March 16, 1851. "Today I have enjoyed myself much—Dr. True's sermon—*my talk and prayer with Cyrus . . . .*"

March 25, 1852, 9.30 P. M. "Our class meeting was exceedingly solemn. Twenty-seven present. . . . *Cyrus found the long looked for 'witness.'*"

March 29. "Prayer meeting last evening was excellent . . . *Cyrus was more than happy.*"

Back of it all was the home influence. "In that home," writes Bishop Foss long years after, "there was no cant nor sanctimoniousness, and not very much nor frequent pointed religious conversation; but there was the daily, reverent, often pathetic and tearful reading of the Holy Scriptures; and there was earnest, pleading prayer; and, above all, there was a pervading spirit which proclaimed louder than words that the first desire of both the parents for their children was that they might all be genuine Christians."

In a letter written to him by his parents when he was fourteen years old, doubtless on the occasion of that first separation in the Amenia school days, his father says: "In a word, make the salvation of your soul your business—let everything else be subservient to this. Seek counsel from experienced Christian friends and profit by it. Above all, take the word of the Lord for the man of your counsel; believe all it teaches, trust in all its promises, and obey all its commands. . . . I have often thought that if I could see all my children converted and firmly pursuing the course to heaven, I could say with Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'"

A year later, when Cyrus was but fifteen, his father died. When on his death-bed, he called his sons

around him and after many tender and touching counsels said: "My last words to each of you shall be the words of David to Solomon: 'Now, my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind. . . . If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off forever.'"

It was upon the heart soil thus seeded with truth and enriched with the gentle influences of a Christian home that the warm persuasions of the tutor and friend were brought to bear. And when in that old room in South College, after he had been earnestly charged by his guide to "give up struggling, rest upon Christ's promises and proceed to live the Christian life," the seeking spirit and the seeking Lord met and knew each other, the religious basis and the characteristics of one of the most potent spiritual personalities of the past half century were determined.

For the influence of Albert S. Hunt at this crisis Bishop Foss never ceased to be grateful. From Amenia he writes thus to his spiritual guide:—"Everyone loves his birthplace and the very trees and stones around it. I love my *birthplace*. No room in College is so dear to me as Professor Lane's recitation room; no seat so memorable as the dingy bench behind the stovepipe; no countenance of all that memory gathers around me so lovely as his whose God-sent words led me to the fountain of cleansing. I have many delightful memories of college life, but that is the best of all. I shall never forget how on that memorable evening your

words of most persuasive tenderness and mild reproof roused and soothed my despairing heart."

Here is a classic in experimental religion which the Church should ever hold as a precious possession.

After graduation with highest honors from Wesleyan University in 1854, nearly three years were to elapse before Cyrus D. Foss entered upon the regular work of the ministry. These were spent at Amenia Seminary. For the first two he was instructor in a favorite study, mathematics. In 1856 he was principal of the Seminary. Already during his college course, in 1851-2, he had accepted the task of a winter school—a common experience at that time for the students of Wesleyan University. Thus at intervals for five years he came under the discipline of the teacher's training, unconsciously laying the foundation in experience and in associations for the high enterprise to which he was called when in 1875 he was elected President of Wesleyan University.

But teaching was the incident; the vocation was preaching. To his brother Archibald, to whose influence and counsel he pays high tribute, he writes four months before graduation, "I have about made up my mind that it will be best for me to teach a year or two after graduation. Where I shall go I have no idea." He had begun to preach a year before. In the Bishop's date book, carefully kept, the entry of the first sermon is June 19, 1853. It was preached at Hanover, a small manufacturing village about twelve miles from Middletown. The text was II Kings, 5:12. "Are not Abana

and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage." The record shows that he preached fifty times before he left college. To his brother he reports, October 12, 1853, after preaching five times, "I have preached twice this term, once in Haddam, once in the Mission Chapel in this place: had considerable liberty both times." Six months later he writes: "I have been preaching considerable this term. Yesterday I went to Hanover . . . I had a most excellent time all day. The audience was exceedingly attentive and seemed to be affected. I shall always be glad to preach whenever I can have so much Divine assistance and speak with so much liberty as I did yesterday. It appeared to me while I was speaking that I had such a view of redeeming love as I never had before. I could exclaim from the bottom of my heart, 'Glory be to God in the highest for that dear name *Redeemer.*'"

In the period between his graduation and his entrance into what he joyously in his anticipations calls the *active* work of the ministry, he preached nearly one hundred and fifty times, averaging fully one sermon a week during the years when teaching claimed him. "I do," he writes, "enjoy preaching very much, and long for the time when it shall be my work." To those who have marked the familiar fact of the later years that to Bishop Foss preaching was so far from being a task that he sought opportunities in obscure mission pulpits or in the village churches during vacation time, the evidence that this was not impulse but habit, and

belonged to the deep joy of his relation to Christ from the beginning of his ministry will be significant.

But while these years were bringing to him added power in the use of his gifts for teaching and preaching, the spiritual life was deepening and maturing. In August, 1855, he experienced a very special blessing. He writes again to his spiritual mentor, Albert S. Hunt, "I went to the camp meeting [Sing Sing] with an honest desire 'to get more religion.' . . . After two or three hours' struggle to overcome my own heart and by the help of God to bring it all down to the foot of the Cross, I was enabled to make a *full* surrender. *By faith* I saw my poor yet entire offering accepted, and by faith I received the assurance that my Father of whom I asked bread did not give me a stone. *Not immediately* but after a little time my soul was filled with joy, and for two hours I sat and *laughed* for gladness of heart. Never before did I have such a sense of the nearness of Christ. Never before did I rejoice in such an assurance of His presence and astounding love. The simple truth was, my heart was cleansed from all unrighteousness and filled with pure, boundless love. I believed this then, I have believed it ever since, and I believe it now . . . But if that camp meeting experience were all I had, I would not give a cent for it. Oh! what an indescribable peace has dwelt in my heart almost without an hour's interruption from that day to this." And then he adds, with a good sense of which the enthusiasm of a glorious experience did not rob him: "About subtle mental analysis and nice distinctions I do not trouble myself at all. I am

entirely the Lord's and He is mine clear up to the maximum of my present need. I believe that and everything it implies with all my heart."

When early in his twenty-fourth year Cyrus David Foss received ordination as a deacon at the hands of Bishop Baker and was admitted to the New York Conference—the Conference of his honored father, into whose membership his brother Archibald had but recently preceded him—, he was an exceptional man, in his natural gifts and in the equipment which years of study, of teaching, of preaching, of spiritual culture had brought him. He had also acquired rich assets in the associations of the Seminary and the University and in the intimate friendships of men who were themselves to make their mark in the Church and in the world.

On March 20, 1856, he had been married to Miss Mary E. Bradley, of Salisbury, Conn., who died September 7, 1863, her death being swiftly followed by that of an infant son. Two daughters were left in the broken home, Mary Garrettson, who became the wife of A. Clarence Weeks and died in 1904 at her home in Alhambra, California, and Frances Taft, now Mrs. Francis A. Chamberlain of Minneapolis, Minn.

For eighteen years Cyrus D. Foss was a pastor. The brilliant success of his subsequent ministry in offices more general must not be allowed to obscure the strength and fruitfulness of his years as an itinerant. His own conception of the dignity of the pastor-preacher may be inferred from the text almost invariably chosen for his first sermon in a new charge, II

Cor. 4:5, "For we preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." This was his message and his credential; this defined his attitude.

The first two years were spent in the charming village of Chester, Orange County, N. Y. In May, 1859, he was admitted into full connection in the New York Conference, was ordained elder (May 8) by Bishop Edmund S. Janes, was transferred to the New York East Conference and stationed at Fleet Street, Brooklyn. In succession he was pastor of that church, Hanson Place and South Fifth Street, Brooklyn, and of St. Paul's (twice), Trinity and St. James in New York. The period begins with the year of the financial depression, 1857, and includes the troublous times of the Civil War. In 1872 he was a delegate to the General Conference which determined the status of laymen in the governing body of the Church. In 1873, while he was pastor of St. Paul's Church for the second time, the World's Evangelical Alliance met for its historic session in the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, within a stone's throw of his church. In 1874 he became Honorary Corresponding Secretary of the Alliance for the United States.

From the beginning to the end of this pastoral ministry in Brooklyn and New York, he was in constant demand as the preacher on special occasions. One remembers that the announcement in the old Thirtieth Street Church, of which Archibald Foss was for a time pastor, that his brother Cyrus was to preach, invariably secured a crowded house. He frequently

preached in the pulpits of other denominations. In the summer of 1867 he went abroad with his brother Archibald, and, after registering the four occasions when he preached, twice on the transatlantic steamers and twice in Paris, he adds this characteristic comment: "I have felt it a great privation that I have been invited to preach but four times in four months." He preaches in small churches as well as large. In 1872 he re-visits Hanover, Connecticut, where nineteen years before he had delivered his first sermon.

But sympathetic as he was with general movements in church and city, entering heartily into social fellowships where he was ever to others a tonic and an inspiration, ready, as opportunity presented, to preach the Gospel in other cities also, he was devoted to his parishes and found in his own pulpit his throne of power. He brought to it lucid thinking, apt and varied illustration, clear spiritual vision, unfaltering confidence in the system of truth revealed in the Bible, ethical stalwartness, and, with it all, deep spiritual emotion, which belonged evidently to the very life currents of his being. His message was ever a declaration, never a speculation. What at times might have seemed to some the emphasis of dogmatism was rather the cumulative force of conviction forged in his own deep experiences.

In his career as a preacher and a pastor from Fleet Street, Brooklyn, to St. James, Harlem, Cyrus D. Foss without doubt contributed immensely to the moral and spiritual forces of New York. A glimpse or two of

him through the eyes of contemporaries may here have place. A recorder of the history of Hanson Place Church writes of the pastor appointed there in 1861: "He began his work at our church at a time when the whole country was in the midst of the greatest political excitement. History attests how greatly the pulpits of the North helped to arouse and keep alive the patriotism of the people. Our young pastor, for he was then but twenty-seven years of age, lent the warmth and ardor of his eloquence to the support of his government. No words of uncertain meaning ever passed his lips. Though thirty years have passed, there are a number of us in Hanson Place who have not forgotten the patriotic sermon he preached on his second Sabbath and the thrilling effect it produced. 'Prepare war, wake up the mighty man, let all the men of war draw near, let them come up; beat your ploughshares into swords and your pruning hooks into spears,' was his text. How our boys rushed to the front! Some of our classrooms, the rendezvous of many young men, seemed like recruiting offices." They were stirring times for a young pastor, and it will be remembered that Mr. Beecher and Plymouth Church were but a few blocks away!

During this pastorate the membership of the church increased over forty per cent. The pastor seems to have been his own evangelist. The narrator continues: "A teachers' meeting was held at a quarter past eight o'clock before the morning session of the school. A deep religious feeling was the outgrowth of these meetings, resulting in the conversion of seventy members of the school. At the same time the good

work of revival was carried on at the church meetings. One evening twenty-eight persons came forward to the altar for prayers after a solemn and impressive sermon by Mr. Foss on The Final Judgment. The accession to the membership from probationers was great. Over one hundred persons were admitted on trial at the communion services held in April, 1862."

Thus, while pastor of St. Paul's, he appears to a writer in the *Sunday School Times:*

"In his strictly private life he is decidedly genial and communicative. He acts as if he thoroughly enjoyed himself, and he makes social communion a means of refreshment for both mind and heart . . . . You see that his learning is of the most thorough character; that it is his delight, and that he pursues his scholarly duties with a mind naturally strong, far-reaching and retentive.

"He weighs every word and, as he goes on, the sentence and the thought gain in strength, completeness and beauty of form, until it is finished, clear and vivid to both the speaker and listener . . . . Now his eyes burn with a new light; now his form straightens and fills out with conscious power and now his lips speak in tones of thunder. He does not speak with any doubtfulness, with any fear that there can be any sort of mistake about what he says; but he speaks with the emphatic utterance of the learned mind and the renewed heart."

In May, 1865, Cyrus D. Foss was married to Miss Amelia Robertson, of Peekskill, N. Y. Their children were Amelia, now Mrs. James R. Thorpe of Denver,

Cyrus David, Jr., now of Philadelphia, Helen, now Mrs. George B. Wood of Philadelphia, and Elizabeth, who died in infancy.

To many of those who knew Dr. Foss—Doctor of Divinity by the appreciation and good-will of his Alma Mater in 1870—in the last pastorate of this series, that at St. James, Harlem, there is a charm of personal friendship which with his inspiring pulpit utterances leaves outstanding impressions clear in outline, warm in color, distinct beyond all others. His was indeed a happy and charming domestic life—a home of comfort and peace. He was just beyond forty, faultless in poise, eloquent, scarcely to be matched for manly beauty, strong as iron in the framework of his thinking, and, it may be, as inflexible, but gentle in sympathy, merry of heart on occasion, a sharer of joy and of sorrow with all, and they were not few, who came into the circle of his affections. He was ever alert, alike in parsonage, president's house, or episcopal residence, to the privileges and the duties of his own fireside. The commanding qualities which the great public so well knew were "here illuminated by the radiance of a devoted family affection and warm sympathies and by a certain cheeriness and brightness of demeanor which were peculiarly his own." He was his children's counselor, quick to solve their problems and sympathetically to guide their purpose. He was their companion as well. They remember with keen delight the zest of his spirit of play. Their friends were his and into their most simple, childish sports he would enter with an enthusiasm

which made them feel that it was his greatest pleasure. His conversation at the table, not occasionally but always, was as charming and entertaining as it could have been at a dinner party. It combined an unfailing sense of humor with dignity and elegance. There was no audience for which he would take more pains to tell an amusing story or an interesting experience than his own little home circle. His influence in the home seemed like the air they breathed, "as pervasive, as dependable, as vital." He was fond of games and knew how to win them. Whatever the game, it straightway became a battlefield. With his friends and at home he was not only genial but merry. His hearty laugh, who, having heard it, can forget? "His spirit of mirth," says a frequent guest, "was not wayward or capricious; it knew its proper place and never broke loose or offended, but it was vigorous and wholesome and bright." His unfailing interest in human affairs, discovery, invention, education, politics, kept his mind fresh even under the burden of official duty. His memory was exact, retentive and trained. A good story, a keen phrase, an apt anecdote, a new fact stayed with him, and became material not for monologue, but for charming, witty and inspiring conversation. That he was companionable is illustrated by his pleasure in reading aloud. In his own home and in others where he was a frequent and familiar guest, "the days," says one of the congenial group, "were seldom so busy that we could not rendezvous," for Dickens or Mark Twain, Browning or Howells, or Kipling or some of the vital papers in magazine or

review. "He was an ideal guest, easy to entertain and ever furnishing enjoyment to all about him," "companionable without condescension, approachable without familiarity, tender without weakness, the loved counselor of those who were privileged to know him in his or their own family circle." To those who have enjoyed his hospitality, his welcome, his solicitude, his good cheer, his kindness, his wit and humor, his word of counsel, his strong, tender prayers are among memory's most durable assets.

In 1875, at the age of forty-one, twenty-one years after graduation from college, of which three had been spent in educational work and eighteen in the pastoral ministry, Dr. Foss was elected President of Wesleyan University, to succeed Dr. Joseph Cummings. He entered upon his duties at the opening of the fall term. The inauguration ceremonies took place on October 26th. No one, in reading the names of the participants in this simple but dignified occasion and of the social evening which followed, can escape the significance of personal influence and association. The president of the Board of Trustees, Charles C. North, has been his devoted friend for years and a member of the church from whose pastorate the new president has been taken; its secretary is Dr. Samuel F. Upham, a comrade of undergraduate days. Here is Bishop Janes who received him into full orders in the ministry and whose family had been members of his congregation at St. Paul's. Here too is Bishop Gilbert Haven, once his instructor in Amenia Seminary. Professor Calvin S. Harrington who represents the Faculty was his

fellow student in college, his brother Archibald's classmate. For the trustees speaks Judge George G. Reynolds, to whom Amenia and its Seminary are indeed scenes of home. For the alumni Albert S. Hunt, than whom no man was dearer to him, gives him welcome. In the company are Professor John M. Van Vleck, his intimate college friend, adjunct professor in 1853-5, and Professor James C. Van Benschoten, who had been his room-mate in the earliest Amenia period. How intimate a company! How dear a place! The strong words on this occasion, gathered up in a little pamphlet now seldom seen, are like the sympathetic advices of a group of friends setting forward one of their number in whom they fully trust to be the leader in some heroic and lofty enterprise. Characteristics attributed to him in these confident utterances revealed themselves in new strength under the severer tests of college administration. He kept his "ease and naturalness" throughout these five years in the presidency:— in his own charming home with its unstinted hospitality; in his friendly contact with alumni of all the years; in his candid, clear-cut methods of administration, as he dealt with students, faculty or trustees;— ever a master of himself and as such a master of men and situations. "Strength of will and self-reliance"— surely, and, as well, "respect for the opinion of others." "Aspirations" for the realization of the higher aims for the college he shared. For this he wrought with skill and patience in securing additional endowment, enlarged as rapidly as might be the curriculum and the teaching force, drew by his persuasion and person-

ality additional students,—above all, in the presence of the colder ideals of merely intellectual attainments, he never faltered in his purpose to fulfill the pledge of his inaugural, "not to ignore or fail to ply to the utmost of their power those religious forces which can alone furnish any security of character." Though written nearly thirty years after Dr. Foss had completed his work as president, the resolutions adopted February 1, 1910, by the Faculty of the University on hearing of his death are an illuminating and conclusive comment upon his career as the head of the college to which he owed and gave so much:

"Dr. Foss came to the presidency of Wesleyan University at a crisis in its history. Financial disaster had practically blotted out its endowment. In the five years of his administration a new endowment was created and the college placed on a stronger foundation than ever before. Doubt and discouragement among the friends of the college changed to hope and courage.

"Those who were associated with Bishop Foss in the Faculty of Wesleyan cherish fondly the memory of the intimacy and freedom of his personal relations with them. The life of the Faculty, much less numerous then than now, was almost like that of a family. To the older men President Foss was a brother beloved. To the younger men he seemed like a father.

"The deepest impression which he left upon the memory, alike of his colleagues and his students, was that of his intense moral earnestness and the profound sincerity of his Christian faith. The men with whom he was associated in daily life were no more real per-

sonalities to him than his God and his Saviour. His life was free from sanctimoniousness and ascetic gloom. No burden of care and responsibility could dim the cheerfulness of his spirit. He enjoyed the pleasure and the fun of life, and his presence made brighter and more joyous the life of all who knew him. But no one could be in his presence without feeling the impression of that intense moral earnestness which ennobled every word and deed. His character was an inspiration to the whole college."

In the intimate circles of the wider fellowship of Wesleyan University the conviction is firm and strengthens with the years that while the General Conference of 1880 by its election of Dr. Foss to the episcopacy gave to the Church a veritable bishop, it deprived the University of a great president.

Through all the subsequent years, as a member of the Board of Trustees and a powerful advocate of advanced policies for the college, Bishop Foss attested his love and fidelity for his Alma Mater. In 1881 he was the orator at the semi-centennial celebration of the University. His noble presence at the stately ceremony of the installation of President William Arnold Shanklin, in November, 1909, was a welcome evidence of his devotion to the college which as a student he had entered nearly sixty years before.

From May, 1880, to May, 1904, stretch the six quadrenniums during which, in the order of the Church, this student, teacher, pastor, educator, administered the "office and work of a Bishop in the Church of

God." With him were chosen Henry W. Warren, John F. Hurst and Erastus O. Haven. Among the bishops previously elected he found two at least who had been in closest relations with him in personal and ministerial fellowship, Randolph S. Foster and Edward G. Andrews. With Bishops Andrews and Warren the intimacy of the earlier years was to become constantly deeper and richer through a quarter of a century of high comradeship in illustrious service. Others whose friendship he had cherished had passed away during the preceding quadrennium. Among these was Bishop Janes, upon whom as a friend and counselor he had confidently depended since his ordination as elder by the Bishop's hands twenty years before. Bishop Simpson for four years more was to be the revered primate of the episcopal group. The traditional ideals of the office were still dominant as embodied in the character and bearing of these older bishops. A certain exalted sense of order and of authority still withstood the democratic tendency of later years, a fact clearly important in the interpretation of the personal attitude and official administration of those who entered the episcopal office a generation ago.

To the new responsibilties he brought the same qualities—and no others—which gave him distinction and mastery in other fields. He assumed no new pose; he cultivated no new phases of temperament or of expression. To him the episcopacy had its chief value on the side of opportunity. On his election to the presidency he had written to a friend: "I know,

of course, that the position I have taken is not likely to be free from trial and annoyance; but I am coming to see more and more how grand an opportunity it offers; and if I can but use that opportunity grandly for God and humanity, I will ask nothing better in this life." He might have used the same formula five years later of his conception of the meaning of the episcopacy. Quite likely self restraint in public duties became more marked. The effort of conscience and judgment to measure values and to do justly where complex as well as individual interests were involved, undoubtedly increased reserve and reticence. The sense of the far-reaching influence of his decisions would with him, as with every deep-hearted bishop the Church has ever had, add to the seriousness of both thought and mien. He would not lose the inherent right of prompt and, it might be, violent reaction against subterfuge, dissimulation, selfishness and insincerity. But to know the facts, to be just, to be kind, to share in the thrill of joy at success and as well in every heart-throb of pain and disappointment and failure,—this was of the very essence of the bishop as it was of the man.

Throughout these twenty-four years he ever preached a great Gospel. Some of his sermons became noted and will remain among the classics of the pulpit to those who heard them. Year by year certain fellowships deepened. From the companionships of an earlier period, by the very nature of his work he was somewhat drawn away. Yet from such friends as Andrew Longacre and Charles S. Harrower and his

two Alberts, Albert S. Hunt and Albert D. Vail, he could never be really separated. In the cities of his residence he both found and made friends. Some of his warmest attachments were formed for those who as his college boys or as the younger clergy of the city or state were welcomed into the warm circles of closer intimacy.

In the councils of the Church for a quarter of a century his influence has been notable. In Boards and General Committees he was never dull. Occasionally waiting, not without a sense of time lost, for others to arrive at positions he was already occupying, he would seem to wonder at the slower approach, but his clear analysis and trenchant statement have cut or untangled many a badly twisted skein. Especially after his journeys to Europe and around the world had given him familiar knowledge of the mission fields were his statements of facts convincing and his discussion of policies weighty. Long to be remembered in the annals of our missionary administration is his address delivered at Providence, R. I., before the General Missionary Committee meeting, November 12, 1898, on "Our Most Successful Mission"—a striking resumé of his experiences and convictions touching India, from which he had but just returned.

Beyond the circle of his own denomination he was sent to carry the message of the Church. While still President of Wesleyan University, in 1878, he bore fraternal greetings from our General Conference to that of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a message nobly conceived and far-reaching in its influ-

ence at a most critical period in the relations of the two great bodies of Methodists. In 1886 he visited as Fraternal Delegate the British Wesleyan Conference and the Irish Wesleyan Conference, making a profound impression in his addresses. The address in the former case was given in City Road Chapel. In this same year he presided over the Methodist Episcopal Conferences in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, and in 1893 over that in Mexico. In 1891 he was a delegate to the Ecumenical Methodist Conference at Washington. In his official journey around the world in 1897-98, for the visitation of Methodist missions, he presided over the conferences and missions in India and Malaysia, and visited the missions in China and Japan. The addresses delivered under various auspices on his return are in the Bishop's best vein, and as preserved in permanent form are a distinct contribution to missionary literature.

In less striking ways, during these crowded years, Bishop Foss served the Church with equal fidelity. From 1888, when he became resident bishop in Philadelphia, he was President of the Board of Church Extension, and later, until 1908, of its successor, the re-organized Board of Home Missions and Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During the same period he was President of the Philadelphia City Missionary and Church Extension Society, an office in which he promoted most earnestly the interests of the work of Methodism among all classes in the city of his home. He was a trustee of the

Methodist Hospital of Philadelphia, and of the Clifton Springs Sanitarium. The interests of Christian education ever claimed his services. At the time of his death he was a trustee of the Drew Theological Seminary, of Wesleyan University, of the Philadelphia Collegiate Institute for Girls, and of the Woman's College of Baltimore, now Goucher College. Of the last two Boards he held for some years the office of president. He was a Director of the Young Men's Christian Association of the University of Pennsylvania, and served as University preacher. For ten years he was a trustee of the Pennsylvania Bible Society. Among the social and civic activities with which he was connected were the Christian League of Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Child Labor Committee. In 1905 he was a delegate to the Inter-Church Conference on Federation and participated in its deliberations at its great meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York. It has been the occasion of greatest satisfaction to his friends and was a joy to him that after his critical illness in 1908, he was able to be present at the meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, held in Philadelphia, and to close those important services with the apostolic benediction.

To cite these responsible positions serves only to show the wide variety of his official interests. To them all he brought always and without stint the best his resources of experience, judgment and faith could afford. Here as in the more prominent places of service he was an inspirer and a guide. Only the records

which are yet unread by mortal eye can estimate the value of the contribution which such a man through the years can make to the vital processes of the Church.

One of the wisest leaders of Methodism has characterized the episcopal career of Bishop Foss in terms at once felicitous and impartial. He writes of him:

"As Bishop, he lived in an ever widening horizon of knowledge, appreciation and responsibility. He studied every question in its larger relations, kept his judgment quadrated with great fundamental principles and never permitted sentiment or pressure to bias his interpretation of facts and conditions. While the requirements of the Church were his first care, he was peculiarly solicitous to do justly by everyone, give the least possible discomfort and secure for each the largest opportunities for service. Painstaking but reticent, sympathetic but resenting subterfuge, his directness was sometimes misunderstood by those who had received his most thoughtful consideration. Clear in his thinking, positive in his judgments and fearless in their maintenance, his colleagues admired his discretion and honored his conclusions and the Church was wisely guided by his statesmanship in many an hour of difficulty and opportunity."

For the first two quadrenniums of his active service in the episcopacy, Bishop Foss was resident in Minneapolis. The gracious home life of these years was marked by a hospitality which by his many friends can never be forgotten. Though he was frequently called from home by official duty his influence and that

of his family became a power throughout the city and in the entire Northwest. It was barely two years after his home was established in Minneapolis that accident and consequent perilous illness overtook him. The spiritual outcome of this calamity, as described by the Bishop's own voice and pen, profoundly moved the Church. "In Sickness and in 'Accidents,'" the published account of these experiences of physical disaster which after twenty-seven years of almost perfect health had assailed him, is as clear as his sermons and as powerful an inspiration to faith as any argument he ever uttered. His date book holds this laconic statement: "Prevented from preaching for almost ten months by a sprained ankle, a broken bone, and typhoid fever. I gave, however, two expositions in Dr. Strong's parlor." In November of 1882 he is again "preaching." He preached sixteen times in the next three months in the city of Minneapolis. In November, 1883, he preached at Rondout, N. Y. "Fiftieth anniversary of a church founded by my father." The range of his Conference visitations is wide. It is in 1885 that he writes from Tyrone, Pa., "What a strange office mine is. Here I am a thousand miles from home among strangers; and men begin to come around me whose dearest earthly interests are in my hands. May God help me to be faithful to *Him* and *them!*" At the end of this year he has reached his one hundredth dedication and has preached his three thousandth sermon.

In 1888 Bishop Foss became resident in Philadelphia. Four years before, an earnest invitation had

been sent to him, bearing the signatures of many of the representatives of the churches, asking him, if the suggestion were agreed to by his colleagues, to become the successor of Bishop Simpson. Deeply conscious as he was of the bonds by which Bishop Simpson had held to himself Philadelphia Methodism, the assurance of the desire of the officiary of the churches was a welcome introduction to the hearts and homes of those among whom the remainder of his life—twenty-two years—was to be spent.

It may be doubted if happier relationships have ever been maintained between any resident bishop and his home constituency than those between Bishop Foss and the Methodists of Philadelphia. Among them to as great an extent as the law of the Church permits, he became a leader, a representative in civic and interchurch affairs, and an adviser in the current policies of the churches. In this fellowship they and he rejoiced. They revered him and relied upon him. He loved them and trusted them.

He was looked upon as one of a great city's chief citizens. In 1889 he received from the University of Pennsylvania the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, a degree which ten years before had been conferred upon him also by Cornell College, Iowa. In 1895 he was distinguished and acclaimed not only in Philadelphia but throughout the land as one of a committee, of which Archbishop Ryan and Bishop Whitaker were also members, who settled the serious street railway strike of that year. The Hon. Charles Emory Smith, LL.D., the brilliant editor of the *Philadelphia Press,*

wrote of him: "The influence of Bishop Foss upon the civic life of Philadelphia is worthy of special mention. Without being in the least degree a sensationalist, or losing that conservatism of judgment which is an element of power in every public leader, he has been found in line with every great movement for reform, philanthropy or municipal betterment. As a counsellor on committees in public service, his advice has been sane and practical. From the platform his message has always rung clear and true. While maintaining to the utmost the respect due to his calling, Bishop Foss has moved among men of the world, in these wider and more varied relations, as a scholar, a man of affairs, and a gentleman."

It is a high tribute to the largeness of Bishop Foss' nature and to his powers of sympathy and concentration that through a period when his official duties called him far and wide throughout the states and to lands across the seas, he could be fairly reckoned as a potent personality in the life of the great city in which his official residence was located.

The loving words addressed to him by the committee of representative ministers and laymen of his own Church, on his return from the General Conference at Los Angeles in 1904, are an illuminating comment upon the character of his influence during the last sixteen years of his active service as a bishop:

"Dearly beloved Bishop, we felicitate ourselves that you have returned to your home in your full vigor of mind and body, and that we shall hereafter more

fully enjoy the benefits of your fellowship and wise administration. The interests of our Church in this city need the counsel of your ripe scholarship and wide experience. Our churches will be the better for your life and ministry. Our hearts and homes will be the happier for your presence. We honor you, we love you. With deep emotion we acknowledge our obligation to you for many acts of Christ-like courtesy in hours of sorrow and bereavement. When most we have needed sympathy you have ever been ready with tongue or pen to remind us that we were not absent from your thought. We proffer a warm and lasting welcome to you, and to the elect lady who presides over your household, and who by her abiding interest in all that pertains to the welfare of the Church has been the sharer in your toils and the inspiration of your service. We devoutly offer prayer to Almighty God on your behalf, that the richest ministries of your life may be permitted you in the years which lie before you, and that at last there may be vouchsafed unto you a crown of glory, and unto us also, who, inspired by your life and ministry, shall, in our smaller measure, do faithful service for our common Lord."

In every essential save that of Conference administration, Cyrus D. Foss continued to be veritably a bishop after the General Conference in 1904 placed him upon the retired list. It had fallen to him to prepare and present the Episcopal Address, a document which must ever have high rank among the official utterances of the Church. In its logical arrangement, its clear diction, its broad range, its exact statement

and its spiritual warmth, it is characteristic of him who shaped it and is worthy of him. It was the message of one who was not thinking of loosening buckle or sheathing sword. Retirement at seventy had not been in his forecast of his own career. But the mandate of the Conference was accepted without a murmur. In word and mien, in gentleness of spirit and grace of manner, he gave to the Church at this crisis in his own life an example of manly, dignified and noble self-mastery which in all its annals has been unsurpassed. The lure and love of service were still strong and the opportunities multiplied. Back to his home,—ready for any task to which the love of the Church or the good Providence of God might guide him,—went the strong man who for fifty years had never seemed to turn his back upon a duty or to shun a cross.

The slackening of official tension did not mean the surrender of public duties. Opportunities for important service were ever seeking him. But home became dearer even than his home-loving heart had ever found it. He was permitted oftener and longer to be in it. Friends drew closer and the years were tender and mellow. Still was he the stay of his friends in the time of stress and storm. With increasing skill he practiced the fine art of the comforter. Once, lifting a pen from his desk, he said to me:—"This pen I keep for writing to my friends in sorrow." More welcome than ever became the presence of family and kindred. With the gentle chivalry of a warrior who with loosened armor rests awhile, he shared these quieter years with her for whom his loyal

devotion had deepened amid all the exactions of a long public life, whose traits of quick intuitional insight and practical judgment were ever his dependence and his admiration.

In 1906-07 accompanied by Mrs. Foss he made a second trip around the world, visiting Methodist Episcopal Missions in Ceylon, India, Malaysia, China, Korea and Japan. They attended at Bareilly the Jubilee of Methodist Episcopal Missions in India, to which Mrs. Foss was the official representative of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and at Shanghai the Centenary Anniversary of Protestant Christian Missions in China. Bishop Foss' impressions of the Jubilee and of the outlook in India are a part of the literature of that vast mission field.

But the later stages of the journey were marked with serious impairment of health. Then, after his return, followed the attacks each of which, to human skill and affection, seemed to portend the end. How deep he sank, again and yet again, only to come back, little by little, until once more the smile kindled, the words of love were spoken, the deep, dark eye glowed and the strong, sonorous voice was heard in solemn benediction. For a year, in quiet, cheerful waiting, he enjoyed that fellowship of home and friends in which always he had found his comfort and delight.

On December 12, 1909, six weeks before his death, he writes to a very dear member of the inner circle stricken with painful illness: "During all your sickness we have very often thought of you and talked about you and prayed for you. Of course the

jewels of Scripture have shone brightly before your eyes. 'Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.' 'I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.' God grant you in all your weakness and pain the abounding consolations of His Word made real to *you* by His Spirit."

On January third, three weeks before his own release came, he wrote to a friend whose husband, a man long prominent and useful in church, college and civic circles, had just died: "I had no knowledge of your husband's illness, so his exit was to me a total surprise. Well, *God knows best!* To this refuge every trusting soul is driven in such a time as this, and millions have found when storms are roughest that this anchor holds. I felt that I must at once say something to you, but what can I say? From your home to the foot of the Cross, there is a well-trodden path,—a path trodden for many years by feet which now tread the heavenly streets.

'No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach that place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.'

"Thoughts of *what he now is,* of *where* he is, of what he has escaped from and of what he has gained, will bring you comfort. I pray God to grant you and all who suffer with you and mourn with you the abounding consolations of His grace."

When after a few days his own path suddenly darkened and upon it he could take no further step, did not the angels come and minister unto him? And when we really knew, did we not find that what seemed the glimmer of the eventide was for him the swift, brightening dawn of the eternal day for which he had all his lifetime waited?

What a charm, what a benignance, what a dignity this life of earth has gained because he was here for these wonderful years! How near that other life approaches us as he—triumphant—finds in it his place with his Lord, and,—we can but think,—near Him!

It would be like the Bishop to give us in our sorrow some word from the Great Book. Let those who bear the burden of this unutterable bereavement take from his text record-book these familiar and favorite words from which he often preached:

"Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

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